

The "Wife" Back Home

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Rose Hall came out of the West, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. C. Slater Hall, and her father, Charles S. Hall. Rose came joyously; her mother acquiescently; her father reluctantly, with many protestations. Papa Hall stayed just long enough to get his family encoined in an exclusive hotel and then hustled back, to see to it that nobody made hay of his business in the sunshine of his absence; for it was his boast that he owed his success to strict personal attention to details.

Mr. Hall left an imposing bank balance subject to his daughter's signature, and for two weeks Rose was sublimely happy. She was a bewitching little blonde. With softly waving hair, to which a fashionable hair-dresser did wondrous things, and a petite figure that delighted the exclusive modistes. Innumerable oblongs of pink paper bearing the imprint of a big metropolitan bank passed into willing hands and in exchange Rose received masses of chiffons and laces, satins and velvets, brocades and furs, which the fairy wand of commerce summons for my lady's adornment from the ends of the earth.

For a year previous to the realization of her dream of spending a winter in New York, Rose had studied religiously the Sunday editions of the great city's newspapers. The result was two sheets of letter paper covered with notes of places and things she intended to see. Theaters, famous and obscure; restaurants, fashionable and merely queer; museums, art exhibits, foreign quarters, odd back waters that casual visitors usually missed; everything—even down to the menageries in the parks—Rose had vowed to see it all. And now she was ready to begin. But how was she to go unaccompanied?

In Mrs. C. Slater Hall, Rose could find no solution of her problem. Mrs. Hall possessed two enormous interests, and two only. Her aches and pains and the movies. In her home town it kept her "humping," as Rose expressed it, to keep up with the changes in the programmes of three movie theaters. In New York even unlimited leisure and endless taxis could not bring success to her desperate efforts to see all the "releases." Rose tried the companionship of Marie, her maid.

Marie was blase, unappreciative—no fun at all. Besides, she uttered veiled threats of leaving. Rose turned in her extremity to a certain friendly middle-aged clerk of the hotel, who knew all things.

"If you don't mind the cost," suggested he, "you might engage some decent, presentable young man who knows his New York as a sort of permanent escort. Oh, it's quite often done." The clerk even knew of such a person, until recently a guest of the hotel himself, but a bit out of luck and having some difficulty finding a job. The clerk would make a point of getting in touch with him if Rose wished.

The idea was utterly novel to Rose—but so was New York. She told the clerk to bring on his courier or escort or whatever he might be. And the very next day he did. The young man, who gave his name as Jerald Holmes, seemed all he was represented to be, so Rose engaged him. Then it was a case of breaking the news to her mother. Mrs. Hall bestirred herself to be a little shocked at this caprice of her daughter's, but in the end Rose had her own way, as always.

Jerald Holmes proved to be a delightfully sympathetic companion. As the days went by Rose's enjoyment of the things she had looked forward to was complete; for wasn't she seeing them properly dressed and properly escorted?

Also she was glad—very glad. Rose succeeded in convincing herself—that Mr. Holmes was married. In their first interview he had mentioned a wife "back home," for whom he intended to send when he was settled permanently. Meanwhile, he assured Rose, acting as her escort was an exceedingly pleasant way of bridging over what would have been for him a very awkward period.

If their conversation ever verged on the personal, it was the man who always steered it away; so it was with never a hint to build on that Rose concocted a picture of Mrs. Jerald Holmes. Because her escort had the look of an outdoors man, she placed his wife as the tailor-made type. She probably combed her hair smoothly back and affected those mighty good looking sport suits and sailor hats that one saw in the shops. Unconsciously Rose imagined Mrs. Holmes a direct contrast to herself.

Yes, Rose assured herself. It was far better that her escort should be a married man—provided his wife did not object, and she had Mr. Holmes' word for that. For otherwise he might attempt to make love to her in the many opportunities thrown in his way, and then, of course, she would be obliged to snub him. Or he might be a fortune hunter! This train of thought always landed Rose at the same terminal—that she was glad Jerald Holmes was married—of course!

It was afternoon on one of those mild sunny days which occasionally lose their way in the calendar and stumble into the wrong month. Rose and her escort were strolling in the park and admiring themselves by reading those little fairy-graces, the

squirrels. Rose had never seen Jerald Holmes in such a happy mood. It was contagious, but at the same time she couldn't help wondering what had caused it. So she questioned, very casually. "Had some good news?"

"Yes," answered her companion, "how did you guess it? Word came this morning that a position I was waiting for is open and I leave New York at the end of the week."

So his position was out of town! Well, what difference did it make to her where it was? If he did not see fit to tell her more about it she would not ask. So, while she was murmuring congratulations, Rose shivered slightly in the wind which seemed to have blown up of a sudden. She wished the mild day had not beguiled her into leaving off her fur wrap.

As the taxi bore them slowly through the intricate traffic that evening out on their way to the opera, Jerald Holmes took from his pocket two bits of paste-board and deliberately tore them up. "These are the tickets I bought with your money, Miss Hall. These I got myself." He produced two more. "I want you to be my guest at the opera this evening—and to the other places we have planned to go this week. Will you? I want it more than anything else in the world."

Rose turned her head and looked out of the window, but not before Jerald had seen the color flaming into her cheeks as with trembling hands she manipulated the emerald collar of her evening wrap into a shield. After all, she reasoned with herself, why shouldn't she? That woman would have him for always! What would be the harm if she pretended for a few days that there wasn't any such person?

"You are from the West and you can't wear the New York girl's poker face, Miss Hall." So Jerald's voice broke the silence. "You want to accept, but you are worrying about something that does not exist—my wife! You needn't," he continued shamelessly; "I invented her to protect me from possibly designing females."

"Why, you conceited man!" exclaimed Rose, "I won't go anywhere with you now, anyway. Not ever again! I detest you!"

"Look straight at me and say that last again," insisted her escort. Rose tried hard, but her eyes fell before his. "You can't do it; you haven't got the poker face!" reiterated Jerald Holmes triumphantly as he pulled her hands away from the enveloping collar and held them tightly.

Then Rose couldn't think of a single reason why the world would have been brighter if Jerald had really been married!

HAD FIGHT FOR EXISTENCE

Lizard Embryo Successfully Resisted Efforts of Moss Plant to Prevent Its Natural Development

During his sojourn in the south of Europe, a French naturalist had the rare opportunity of observing an intensely interesting struggle for existence between an egg and a moss plant.

The egg was that of a lizard which had been deposited on a cushion of moss. It was inclosed by a white protective covering of leatherlike toughness. The moss on which the tip of the egg rested, secreted at the point of contact a substance that gradually dissolved the leathery shell of the egg. When there was no longer any resistance, the stem of the moss plant penetrated the shell and sent its branches through the substance of the egg, emerging at the opposite end.

But the egg was equal to the emergency. It enveloped the stem of the moss inside the egg with a membranous coating that formed an insulating tube around the intruder. Then the moss sent out side branches through the egg, traversing it, but these also were made innocuous by an albuminous coating. In spite of this struggle against the intruding moss, the lizard embryo developed to all appearances normally and finally emerged from its prison unharmed.—Popular Science Magazine.

Best to Forget Family Tree.

Possibly it should be a source of pride to us that a group of able scientists say we are not descended from monkeys, but that monkeys are degenerate descendants of our own race.

The recent discoveries of prehistoric human remains indicate that our family is much older than we supposed. This is very nice, but the accompanying details are the usual results one finds in running up family trees. These ancestors of ours who threw so many seams ago were impossible people socially from all accounts, and we are wonderful improvements upon them in every way.

Gratitude that our race may feel in being relieved of the stigma of simian ancestry is therefore not unalloyed with the unpleasant. There are no indications in scientific research that a Society of the Sons of the Dawn Men will ever be popular.—Tollin Blade.

Woman Long Public Servant.

Postmistress or assistant nearly 60 years at Center Bridge, a little village in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Jacob W. Bowlby has resigned because of falling health. There being no applicants for the vacancy, the government has closed the office and made arrangements for its patron to get postal service through the postoffice at Stockton, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Widow's Might.

Smith—Einstein, the rich pawnbroker, died and left the business to his wife.

Jones—Poor old widow.

Lingerie Is of Winsome Design

When the young bride-to-be of great-grandmother's day, with delighted fingers, untied the satin ribbons and folded back the dainty wrappings and held up to admiring eyes the lavender-scented, sheer linen lingerie, so white and fresh with its embroideries and hemstitching, she must have said with reason, "Nothing lovelier could be made." Her great-granddaughter of today can say with even greater reason, "nothing lovelier can be made" as she faces the bewildering choice that meets her gaze.

Since lingerie of all sorts has become an expression of the talent of the greatest artists of the famous Parisian houses designing clothes for the well-dressed woman, writes a Paris fashion correspondent, the wealth of ideas, the fineness of workmanship, the daintiness of decoration, the sheerness of material, the simplicity and rich charm of the articles de trousseau, contrasting with the fantastic ingenuity of more daring creations, give ample choice for every taste, but, alas! not for every fortune. A king's ransom of other days would seem a mere bagatelle in comparison with a single season's lingerie bill for the richly dressed woman of today.

Never were silks softer or laces of a finer texture, real laces used more profusely or embroideries more deftly done or tucks and plaits more charmingly combined or decorative motifs more cleverly placed than in the amazing collections now awaiting milady's approval. And never were prices higher.

New Models for Parisian Brides.

Many of the large dressmaking houses making a specialty of lingerie, negligees and tea gowns are now showing new and ravishing models to their Parisian clientele. Foremost among the showing along this line was the exhibition by a well-known firm of trousseaux executed for their private clientele. These trousseaux were pe-

narrow valenciennes lace. Others, more elaborate in character, were extensively embroidered, and all were trimmed with deep edgings of real lace, binche or valenciennes.

Lingerie this season is cut with special relation to the type and silhouette of the outer garment, which explains the enormous vogue of black underwear, made of triple voile. These garments are sometimes plain with the exception of an arrangement of very narrow plaits, or are edged, top and bottom, with a six-inch band of cobwebby black lace or embroidered tulle. Mme. Jenny has most original ideas for combinations, of which the corsage is cut in a high point in the center front. From this point two ribbons go over the shoulders and hold up the back. Another variation of the conventional shoulder ribbons is obtained by crossing these on the back. The backless chemise, brought in by the backless décolletage, frequently has an amusing triangular motif of silver lace set into the front, which softens to some extent the outrageously deep V décolletage of the dress.

Unique Designs for Less Conservative.

A new item in lingerie has made its appearance, namely, the hip belt, made of double pink chiffon, which is worn to keep up the uncorseted figure from too greatly straining the seams of the new tightly draped dresses.

It is astonishing how closely styles in underwear follow those in dresses. This is especially true since the great French dressmaking houses are giving almost as much prominence to lingerie as they are to outer garments.

A reflection of the craze for plaiting seen in our dresses last summer is in the new modes of lingerie for this spring. Straight garments on the order of the princess slip, always much worn by French women, are in solid plaiting, whether the slip be of fine white linen, silk or some of the more perishable materials that appear



Underslips for Wear With Lace or Giffon Dresses; Combination of White Voile and Black Chantilly Lace Motifs; No Straps Over Shoulder to Hold Bodice in Place.

cularly complete in that they included table and bed linens. There were tablecloths for formal occasions, rich with deep borders of fillet and Brussels laces and beautiful embroidery in hands and motifs, as well as scattered designs, which frequently echoed the pattern of the lace. One cloth of heavy linen relied entirely upon narrow hand-hemstitched bands, forming interesting oblong shapes, for its decoration.

The tea cloths and luncheon sets for more intimate occasions were becomingly of finer texture, with lighter Brussels and finer fillet laces and embroideries of an almost unbelievable lightness of tracery, as well as cloths of rose, yellow and orange linen, embroidered in white. Especially interesting and novel tea-cloths and napkins were made of fine ecru handkerchief linen. For decoration these had applique borders in scrolls, conventional circles or squares of self-material.

Among the bed linens, to American eyes the peculiarly French, deep overshoot, with its florid embroidery and monogram was of special interest. There were large, square pillowcases to match. For every day wear the pillowcases and overshoots were of very simple design, having deep hemstitched hems and the embroidered monogram of the bride-to-be.

Lingerie Conforms to Fashions.

The lingerie for these trousseaux was all developed in white linen of a wonderful fineness. This was made in sets of three—nightgown, chemise and culottes. There were those for simpler wear, with the monogram of the wearer in small and dainty designs, with just a touch of embroidery at the top of the garments and edging of

to find great favor among women who do not hold to conservative underwear. In nightgowns we have the 1830 yoke and puff sleeve so much featured recently in girls' frocks.

Quite fantastic in design and colors are the new models in lingerie for the less conservative woman of fashion. These are of crepe-de-chine, triple voile or colored linen in white, trimmed with a color or in solid color with the garniture in a contrasting shade.

Among some new designs in French lingerie are elaborate models in closed drawers. The new models are of the closed drawer style. All the drawers are mounted on an elastic band and slip on like knickers.

Triple voile in both white and colors is a favorite material for underclothes of this type. On a model of fine white linen with valenciennes lace trimmings the lace is in the form of insertion and edging, the former being used as a border design extending up the sides and joining the two sections in place of an ordinary seam, while the latter forms little tiers of ruffles on the sides just below the band of insertion.

Another model in white linen with lacinated motifs of white valenciennes lace is cut in one piece and barred by a ladder-stitch embroidery, the effect of panels. Each panel at the bottom is cut into deep points, the edges of which are scalloped. Between these two pointed panels are diamond-shaped medallions of the valenciennes lace. These again appear in each panel half way up the garment.

One of the newest underslips for wear with lace or chiffon dresses is a combination of white voile and black chantilly lace motifs.

REDUCE CHICK LOSS. BY CONFINING HENS.

Close Coops at Night to Keep Out Rats, Cats, Etc.

When Mother Is Given Range Young Birds Are Chilled by Wet Grass and Die—They Must Be Kept Growing Constantly.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Chicks hatched during the winter should be brooded in a poultry house or shed while the outside weather conditions are unfavorable; after the weather becomes settled they should be reared in brood coops out of doors. It is best to make brood coops so that



Coops Used on Government Farm at Beltsville, Md.

they can be closed at night, to keep out cats, rats, and other animals, and enough ventilation should be allowed so that the hen and chicks will have plenty of fresh air.

The hen should be confined in the coop until the chicks are weaned, while the chicks are allowed free range after they are a few days old. Where hens are allowed free range and have to forage for feed for themselves and chicks, they often take the latter through wet grass, where they may become chilled and die. Most of the feed the chicks get by foraging goes to keep up the heat of the body, whereas feed eaten by those that are with the hen that is confined produces more rapid growth, as the chicks do not have so much exercise.

In most broods there are one or two chicks that are weaker than the others, and if the hen is allowed free range the weaker ones often get behind and out of hearing of the mother's cluck and call. In most cases this results in the loss and death of these chicks, due to becoming chilled. If the hen is confined, the weaklings can always find shelter and heat under her, and after a few days may develop into strong, healthy chicks.

The loss in young chicks due to allowing the hen free range is undoubtedly large, say, poultry specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture. Chicks frequently have to be caught and put into their coops during sudden storms, as they are apt to huddle in some hole or corner where they get chilled or drowned. They must be kept growing constantly if the best results are to be obtained, as they never entirely recover from checks in their growth, even for a short period. Hens are usually left with their chicks as long as they will brood them, although some hens commence to lay before the chicks are weaned.

NEWS GIVEN BY RADIOPHONE

Farmers and Others Interested Able to Learn Market Conditions and Prices.

Agricultural market reports by radiophone is the latest innovation announced by the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture. This service was launched recently at East Pittsburgh, and with this necessary radiophone apparatus, farmers and others within a few hundred miles of Pittsburgh will be able to learn agricultural market conditions and prices immediately after the close of the markets. The reports are sent from radio station KDKA over a wave length of 330 meters.

The department's experimental radiophone service follows shortly the inauguration of sending agricultural market reports by wireless. Sending the reports by radiophone would greatly simplify their receipt by farmers and others direct, inasmuch as the operation of a radiophone set does not require a knowledge of wireless codes. Instead of coming in dots and dashes the market news would be received in English, the same as conversation over an ordinary telephone.

INFERTILE EGGS KEEP BEST

Get Rid of All Roosters as Soon as Possible After Hatching Season, or Separate Them.

The poultry flock can get along perfectly well without the rooster just as soon as you are through saving hatching eggs. The sooner the male birds are taken from the flock and marketed, or killed, or placed in separate runs, the better. Infertile eggs are always best for market; for the summer market this holds doubly true. The infertile eggs keep better than the fertile ones. One more thing: The male birds will not increase egg production on a white; they are that many extra mouths to feed while the hens are bustling to pay their own keep.

Are You All Worn Out?

Do you suffer daily backache and stabbing pains—feel worn out and dispirited? You shouldn't! You want to be well and the best way to get well is to find what is making you feel so badly. You should look, then, to your kidneys. When the kidneys weaken you suffer backache, rheumatic pains and urinary irregularities; your head aches, you are tired, nervous and depressed. Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Missouri Case

J. W. Davis, 121 S. Cedar St., Nevada, Mo., says: "I had an attack of kidney trouble. It began with a dull, constant ache through the small of my back. It would bend over it was almost impossible to straighten again. My kidneys acted irregularly and the secretions were highly colored. A few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills entirely cured me of the attack."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Oh, Heavens, No!

She had accepted his embraces without reserve, but every time she seemed to be on the verge of going to sleep. It was most exasperating. Finally he remonstrated.

"See here," he demanded peevishly. "Why do you always appear asleep when I kiss you?"

"Why, Harry," she retorted indignantly. "You don't for a minute think I'm the sort of a girl who would do such things with my eyes open!"—American Legion Weekly.

CUSTOMS FIFTY YEARS AGO

Who among us would say to-day, "I never use a Dentifrice, I never have to?" Yet fifty years ago, odd as it may seem, not one person in 1,000 used a Dentifrice—or even a tooth brush.

So to-day, after more than 30 years of persistent publicity of Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder for the Feet, got many well-turned-out people care to confess, "You know I never have to use a Powder for the Feet!"

More than One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

The reason is this: Increasing and confining the feet in Leather or Canvas Shoes is bound to create friction, more or less. Allen's Foot-Ease removes the friction from the shoes, and freshens the feet. It is this friction which causes smarting, callouses, corns and bunions. You know what friction does to your motor-car axle. Why not remove it from your footgear by Shaking into your Shoes to-day, Allen's Foot-Ease, the cleanly, wholesome, healing, Antiseptic powder? Get the habit, as millions now have it.

It Cured Her.

Not a hundred miles from Folkestone a few months ago, a wife lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl, the sick woman called the young woman to her, and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you, and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry."

The young woman, bursting into tears, said: "We were just talking about that."

The wife recovered.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

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Men who sense the waning of their mental and physical powers, may forestall an early decline by the use of TONIC.

Women will discover in TONIC a worthy aid to renewed health and greater interest in life. TONIC is sold by reliable druggists everywhere.

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A 5 cent package makes one quart enough to kill a million, and contains a patent receipt free, to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Four Druggists has it or can get it for you, or mailed on receipt of price by the OWL CHEMICAL WORKS, Terre Haute, Ind. Genuine P. D. Q. is never sold at

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